

attachment of electric Christmas colored lights, labor and materials to hold the long wreathes and vast quantities of time. Mr. Griffith took on the job for about \$600 profit over actual cost. Myself and another person were designated to do the artwork--primarily the paintings of Santa Claus. It had to be done in waterproof enamel to allow the decorations to survive the normal wet weather. This caused problems in drying the paint, storing the figures while drying, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. My partner and I got thoroughly tired of devoting virtually all of our free time to the project and threatened to quit unless we got help. Our warden (pardon, principal) advised in no uncertain terms we would complete the project, complete it on time and whatever else was required to meet the city fathers' deadline. The alternative being that we would both repeat our present grade the following year; we would be failed for spending too much time on artwork (the Christmas decorations) instead of our whole schedule of studies. This early "Catch 22" no doubt contributed to Mr. Griffith's success in Portland school administration; I've always thought he missed his calling--if he had applied his enthusiasm and unique management techniques to police administration, he might have become warden of Alcatraz. If he ever reads this I'm sure he will deny his gestapo-like approach to solving problems, but I swear it is true and scarcely (if at all) exaggerated. I noted with some pride that the city fathers used our renditions of Santa Claus for a number of years on successive Christmases. The enamel must have been of good quality--ditto the plywood. Just imagine the law suit I could have had under modern Constitutional Law because a school principal forced me to participate in a religious celebration; I was terrified to even try to seek help from my parents or the other school officials because I just couldn't face repeating my grade only to extend my time under the authority of Mr. Griffith.

Two outstanding teachers in junior high were Miss Ueltschi (math) and Miss Wilson (English). First, Miss Wilson who fostered a life-long interest in the written word, literature and public speaking. Miss Wilson was ever the stern disciplinarian; she was in total control of her classroom and her student's production. She made me sit in the first row nearest the door where she could insure she had my attention (and my attention she almost always had). She was unpredictable in scheduling. I remember thinking that I had at least a day or so to memorize Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* since the previous day she had called on me first to recite some other assignment. Instead, she called on me to recite Lincoln's masterpiece first thing on our first day on that subject. I muddled through unprepared, but learned the important lesson to always be prepared in a Miss Wilson class. The necessity to be prepared was not lost on me for other situations in life ("Thank You Miss Wilson for enforcing preparation").